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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

HOPELESS LOVE.

BY ANSELMA B. WELBY.

The trembling waves beneath the moonbeams quiver;
Reflecting back the blue, unclouded sky;
The stars look down upon the still, bright river,
And smile to see themselves in paradise;
Sweet songs are heard to gush from joyous bosoms,
That lightly thrill beneath the greenwood tree,
And glossy plumes float in the air, the breeze;
And all around are happy—all but me!

And yet, I come beneath the light that trembles,
O'er these dim waters, with a broken heart to roam;
For here my burning heart no more dissembles,
My sad lips quiver, and the tear-drops come;
I come once more to list the low-voiced murmur,
To watch the dreamy waters as they flow,
And by me down beneath the fragrant myrtle,
That droops its blossoms when the west wind blows.

Oh! there is one, on whose sweet face I ponder—
One angel-brother, and the luminous land;
Who in the evening's hush comes out to wander
Amid the dark-eyed daughters of the land!
Her step is lightest where each light step presses,
Her song is sweetest mid their songs of glee;
Smiles light her lips, and rosy cheeks, mid her tresses,
Loop up their dark redundancy.

Youth, wealth and fame are mine—all that mortals
One angel-brother, and the luminous land;
Sweet lips smile on me too, and melting glances
Flash up to mine—but not a glance from her!
Oh! I would give youth, beauty, fame, and splendor,
My all of bliss—my every love and sigh,
To wake in that young heart one feeling tender—
To clasp that little hand, and call it mine!

In this sweet solitude the sunny weather
Lull'd to light sleep, and the fairy cities;
The rose-buds lay their crimson lips together,
And the green leaves were whispering to themselves;
The clear, faint twilight on the blue wave lingers,
And, filled with sadness, the fountain's fall;
The purple claret leads the blue-lushes,
And fragrant blossoms fringe the apple-boughs.

Yet, I am sick with love and melancholy,
My looks are heavy with the drooping dew;
Low murmurs haunt me—murmurs soft and holy,
And all my lips keep murmuring, murmuring too!
I hate the beauty of these roses, these blue-bells,
The birds' wild notes, and the fountain's fall;
Oh, I am sick in this lone land of flowers;
My soul is weary—wearied of them all!

Yet had I that sweet, face on which I ponder,
To bloom for me within this Eden-home,
That lip to softly murmur when I wander,
That cheek to softly dimple when I roam;
How sweet would glide my days, these lone, low towers,
Far from the world and all its heartless throngs!
Her fairy feet should only tread on flowers;
I'd make her home melodious with my songs!

Alas, my such blissful hopes once filled my bosom,
And dreams of fame could then my heart enthrall;
And joy and bliss around me seemed to blossom;
But all these blissful hopes are blighted—all!
No smiling angel decks these Eden-bowers,
No springing footstep echoes mine in glees;
Oh, I am weary in this land of flowers!
I sigh—I sigh amid them all—me!

POPULAR TALES.

THE SECRET CELL;

OR,
THE ABDUCTED DAUGHTER.

About eight years ago, I was the humble means of unravelling a curious piece of villainy that occurred in one of the suburbs of London; it is well worth recording, in exemplification of that portion of "life" which is constantly passing in the holes and corners of the Great Metropolis. My tale, although romantic enough to be a fiction, is excessively common-place in some of the details—it is a jumble of real life, a conspiracy, an abduction, a nursery, and a lunatic asylum, are mixed up with constables, hackney-coaches, and an old washerwoman. I regret also that my heroine is not only without a lover, but is absolutely free from the influence of that passion, and is not persecuted on account of her transcendent beauty.

Mrs. Lobenstein was the widow of a German coachman, who had accompanied a noble family from the continent of Europe; and, anticipating a lengthened stay, he had prevailed upon his wife to bring over their only child, a daughter, and settle down in the rooms appertaining to his use, over the stable, in one of the fashionable mews, at the west end of London. But Mrs. Lobenstein had scarcely embraced his family, ere he was driven off, post haste, to the other world, leaving his destitute widow, with a very young daughter, to buffet her way along the rugged path of life.

With a little assistance from the nobleman in whose employ her husband had for some time been settled, Mrs. Lobenstein was enabled to earn a respectable livelihood, and filled the honorable situation of landlady to many families of gentility; besides divers stray bachelors, dandies, and men about town. The little girl grew to be an assistance, instead of a drag, to her mother; and the widow found that her path was not entirely desolate, nor "clogged with the brambles of despair."

In the sixth year of her bereavement, Mrs. Lobenstein, who presided over the destinies of my linen, called at my rooms, in company with a lady of equal width, breadth, and depth. Mrs. Lobenstein was of the genuine Hansatic build—of the real Bremen beam—when in her presence, you felt the overwhelming nature of her pretensions to be considered a woman of some weight in the world, and standing in society.

On the occasion of the visit in question, her friend was equally adipose, and it would have puzzled a conjurer to have turned the party into a tallowy trio. Mrs. Lobenstein begged leave to recommend her friend as her successor in the laatorial line—for her own part, she was independent of work, thank heaven! and meant to retire from the worry of trade.

I congratulated her on the successful termination of her flourish with the wash-tub. "Oh! I have not made the money, bless you. I might have scrubbed my fingers to the bones before I could have done more than earn my daily bread, and get, maybe, a black-silk gown or so, for Sundays. No, no! my Mary has done more with her quiet, meeting-day face in one year, than either the late Mr. Lobenstein or myself could compass in our lives."

Mary Lobenstein, an artless, merry, blue-eyed girl of seventeen had attracted the attention of a bed-ridden lady whose linen she was in the habit of carrying home; and in compliance with the importunities of the old lady, she agreed to reside in her house as the invalid's sole and special attendant. The old lady, luckily, was almost friendless; an hypocritical hyena of a niece, who expected, and had been promised, the reversion of her fortune, would occasionally give an inquiry relative to the state of her aunt's health; but so miserably did she conceal her joy at the approach of the old lady's dissolution, that the party in question perceived her selfish and mercenary nature, and disgusted at her evident security of purpose, called in an attorney, and executed an entirely new will. There was no other relative to select. Mary Lobenstein had been kind and attentive; and, more from revenge than good nature, the old lady bequeathed the whole of her property to the lucky little girl, excepting a trifling annuity to the old maid, her niece, who also held the chance of possession in case of Mary's death.

When this will was read by the man of law, who brought it forth in due season after the old lady's demise. Mary's wonder and delight almost equalled the rage and despair of the hyena of a niece, whom we shall here leave to designate by the name of Elizabeth Bishop. She raved and swore the deadliest revenge against the innocent Mary, who one minute trembled at the denunciations of the thin and yellow spinster, and in the next chuckled and danced at the suddenness of her unexpected good fortune.

Mr. Wilson, the lawyer, desired the disinherited to leave the premises to the legal owner, and staid by Miss Mary Lobenstein and her fat mouth-till they were in full and undisturbed possession. The "good luck," as Mrs. Lobenstein called it, had fallen so suddenly upon them, that a very heavy wash was left unfinished, to attend to the important business; and the complaints of the naked and destitute customers alone roused the lucky landlady to a sense of her situation. The right and privilege of the routine of customers were sold to another fat lady, and Mrs. Lobenstein called upon me among the rest of her friends, to solicit the continuance of my washing for her stout successor.

A year passed away. I was lying in bed one wintry morning, and shivering with dread at the idea of poking my uncased legs into the cold air of the room, when my landlady disturbed my cogitations by knocking loudly at the room door, and requesting my instant appearance in the parlor, where "a fat lady in tears" wished my presence. The existence of the obese Mrs. Lobenstein had almost slipped my memory; and I was somewhat startled at seeing that lady, dressed in a gaudy colored silk gown, and velvet hat and feathers, in violent hysterics upon my crimson silk ottoman, that grained beneath its burden. The attention of my landlady and her domestic soon restored my eidetic landlady to a state of comparative composure, when the distressed lady informed me that her daughter, her only child, had been missing for several days, and that, notwithstanding the utmost exertions of herself, her lawyer, and her friends, she had been unable to obtain the smallest intelligence respecting her beloved Mary. She had been in the police offices, had advertised in the newspapers, had personally inquired of all her friends or acquaintances, yet every exertion had resulted in disappointment.

"Every body pities me, but no one suggests a means of finding my darling, and I am almost distracted. She left me one evening—it was quite early—to carry a small present to the chandlers' shop woman, who was so kind to us when I was left a destitute widow. My dear girl had but three streets to go, and ran out without a cloak or shawl; she made her gift to the poor woman and instantly set out to return home. She never reached home—and, woe is me, I fear she never will. The magistrates at the police office said that she had eloped with some sweetheart; my Mary loved no one but her mother; and my heart tells me that my child could not willingly abandon her widowed parent for my new affection that might have entered her young breast. She had no followers: we were never for one hour apart, and I knew every thought of her innocent mind. One gentleman—he said he was a parson—called on me this morning, to administer consolation; yet he hinted that my poor girl had probably committed self-destruction; that the light of grace had suddenly burst upon her soul, and the sudden knowledge of her sinful state had been too much for her to bear, and, in desperation, she had hurried from the world. Alas! if my poor Mary is indeed no more, it was not by her own act that she appeared in haste before her Maker. God loved the little girl that he made so good: the light of heavenly happiness glistened in her bright and pretty eyes; and she was too fond of the world's beauties, and the delight of life showered by the Almighty upon His children

to think of repaying Him by gloom and suicide! No, no! Upon her bended knees, morning and night, she prayed to her Father in Heaven, that His will might be done. Her religion, like her life, was simple, but pure. She was not of the creed professed by him who thought to cheer a parent's broken heart by speaking of a daughter's shameful death."

The plain but earnest eloquence of the poor lady excited my warmest sympathy. She had called on me for advice; but I resolved to give her my personal assistance, and exert all my faculties in the clearance of this mystery. She denied the probability of any one being concerned in kidnapping, or conveying away her daughter; "for," as she simply expressed herself, "she was too insignificant to have created an enemy of such importance."

I had a friend in the police department—a man who suffered not his intimacy with the villainy of the world to dull the humanities of nature. At the period of my tale, he was but little known, and the claims of a large family pressed hard upon him; yet his enemies have been unable to affix a stain upon his busy life. He has since attained a height of reputation that must ensure a sufficient income; he is established as the head of the private police of London—a body of men possessing rare and wonderful attainments. To this man I went; and, in a few words, excited his sympathy for the heart-stricken mother, and obtained a promise of his valuable assistance.

"The mother is rich," said I, "and if successful in your search, I can warrant you a larger reward than the sum total of your last year's earnings."

"A powerful inducement, I confess," replied I, "but my professional pride is roused; it is a case deserving attention, from its apparent inexplicability, to say nothing of the mother's misery, and that is something to a father and a son."

I mentioned every particular connected with the affair, and as he declined visiting Mrs. Lobenstein's house, invited her to a conference with the officer at my lodgings, where he was made acquainted with many a curious item that seemed to have no connexion with the subject we were in consultation upon. But this minute curiosity pleased the mother, and she went on her way rejoicing, for she was satisfied in her own mind that the officer would discover the fate of her child. Strange to say, although I—declared that he possessed not the slightest clue, this feeling on the part of the mother daily became stronger—a presentiment of the officer's success became the leading feature of her life; and she waited for many days with a placid face and a contented mind. The prophetic fancies of her maternal heart were confirmed, and I—eventually restored the pretty Mary to her mother's arms.

About ten days after the consultation, he called on me, and reported progress—requiring my presence at the police office for the purpose of making the affidavit necessary for the procurement of a search warrant.

"I have been hard at work," said he, "and if I have not found out where the young lady is concealed, I have at least made a singular discovery. My own inquiries in the mother's neighborhood were not attended with any success; I therefore sent my wife, a shrewd woman, and well adapted for the business. She went without a shawl or bonnet, as if she had but stepped out from an adjacent house, into the baker's, the grocer's, the chandler's, and the beer shop; and while making her trifling purchases, she asked in a careless gossiping way, if any intelligence of Miss Lobenstein had been obtained? Every body was willing to talk of such a remarkable circumstance; and my wife listened patiently to many different versions of the story, but without obtaining any useful intelligence. One day—the last attempt that I had determined she should make—she observed that a huckster woman, who was standing in a baker's shop when the question was discussed, betrayed a violence of speech against the bereaved parent, and seemed to rejoice in her misfortunes. The womanly feeling of the rest of the gossips put down her inhuman chucklings, but my wife, with considerably tact, I must say, joined the huckster in her vituperation, rightly judging that there must be some peculiar reason for disliking a lady who seems generally esteemed, and who was then suffering under an affliction the most distressing to a female heart. The huckster invited my wife to walk down the street with her."

"I say, are you one of Joe's gang?" whispered the huckster.

"Yes," said my wife.

"I thought so when I saw you grinning at the fat old Duchey's trouble. Did Joe come down with the rhino pretty well to you about this business?"

"Not to me," said my wife, at a venture.

"Nor to me, neither, the shabby varmint. Where was your post?"

"This question rather bothered my wife, but she answered—

"I swore not to tell."

"Oh, stuff! They've got the girl, and it's all over now, in course; though Sal Brown who told Joe the information about the girl, says that five pounds won't stop her mouth, when there's a hundred offered for the information; so we thought of splitting upon Joe, and touching the rhino. If you know any more nor we do, and can make your share of the work, you may join our party, and come in for your whacks."

"Well, I know a good deal, if I liked to tell it; what do you know?"

"Why, I know, that four of us were employed to watch when Miss Lobenstein went out in the evening without her mother, and to let Joe know directly; and I know that we did watch

for six months and more; and when Sal Brown did let him know, that the girl was missing that same night, and hadn't been heard on since."

"But do you know where she is?" said my wife in a whisper.

"Well, I can't say that I do. My stall is at the corner near the mother's house, and Sal Brown was walkin' past, up and down the street, a followin' her profession. She's of opinion that the girl has been sent over the herring pond to some place abroad; but my idea is that she hasn't far off, for Joe hasn't been away many hours together, I know."

"My wife declared that she was acquainted with every particular, and would join them in forcing Joe to be more liberal in his disbursements, or give him up to justice, and claim the reward. She regretted that she was compelled to go to Horsney, to her mother's, for the next few days, but agreed to call at the huckster's stall immediately on her return."

"There was one point more that my wife wished to obtain. 'I saw the girl alone one night when it was quite dark, but Joe was not to be found when I went after him. Where did Sal Brown meet with him, when she told of the girl?'

"Why, at the Blue Lion beer-shop, to be sure," said the other.

"I was waiting in the neighborhood well disguised. I received my wife's valuable information, and in a few minutes was seen in the tap-room of the Blue Lion, an humble public house of inferior pretensions. I was dressed in a shooting-jacket, breeches and gaiters; with a shot-belt and powder-horn slung round me. A hugh pair of red whiskers circled my face, and a dark red shock of hair peeped from the sides of my broad rimmed hat. I waited in the dull room, stinking of beer and tobacco, till the house closed for the night, but heard nothing of my Joe, although I listened attentively to the conversation of the incomers, a strange uncouth set, entirely composed of laborers, and seemingly unacquainted with each other."

"The whole of the next day I lounged about the sanded tap-room, and smoked my pipes and drank my beer in silent gloominess. The landlady asked me a few questions, but when his curiosity was satisfied, he left me to myself. I pretended to be a runaway gamekeeper, hiding from my master's anger for selling his game without permission. The story satisfied the host, but I saw nothing of any stranger, nor did I hear any of the old faces called by the name I wished to hear. One of the visitors was an ill-looking thick-set fellow, and kept up a continual whispering with the landlady. I made sure that he was my man, when, to my great regret, I heard him hailed by the name of George."

"I was standing inside the bar, chatting with the landlady, and settling for my pipes and beer, when a good-looking, fresh-colored, smiling-faced young fellow danced into the bar, and was immediately saluted by the host, 'Hollo, JOE, where have you been these two days?'

"Heavy business on hand, buck—occupies all my time, but pays well. So give us a mug of your best, and—be the expense."

"I had no doubt but this was my man. I entered into conversation with him, in my assumed manner, and my knowledge of the Somersetshire dialect materially assisted my disguise. Joe was evidently a sharp witted fellow, who knew exactly what he was about. All my endeavors to draw him into talking of his own avocations completely failed; he would laugh, drink, and chatter, but not a word relative to the business that occupied his time could I induce him to utter."

"Who's going to the hop in St. John street?" said the lively Joe. "I mean to have eighteen-pennyworth of shake-a-leg there to-night, and have it directly, too, for I must be back at my place at day-break."

"This was enough for me. I walked with Joe to the vicinity of the dancing-rooms, when, pleading a prior engagement, I quitted him, and returned home. My disguise was soon completely altered; my red whiskers, drab hat, and shooting-dress were exchanged for a suit of black, with a small French cloak of dark cloth, and plain black hat. Thus attired, I watched the entrance of the humble ball-room, fearing that my man might leave it at an early period, for I knew not how far he had to journey to his place in the country, where he was compelled to be by the break of day."

"I walked the pavement of St. John street for six long hours, and was obliged to make myself known to the watchman to prevent his interference, for he doubted the honesty of my intentions. Just before the dawn of day, my friend Joe, who seemed determined to have enough dancin' for his money, appeared in the street with a lady on each arm. I had to keep him in sight until he had escorted the damsels to their domiciles; when buttoning up his coat and pressing his hat down over his brows, he walked forward with a determined pace. I followed him at a convenient distance. I felt that he was in my power—that I was on the point of tracing the mystery of the girl's disappearance, and ascertaining the place of her detention."

"Joe walked rapidly towards Shoreditch Church. I was within a hundred feet of him when the early Cambridge coach dashed down the Kingsland road. Joe seized the guard's hold at the side of the back seat, placed his feet upon the hind spring, and in one moment was on the top of the coach, and trundling away from me at the rate of twelve miles an hour."

"I was beaten. It was impossible for me to overtake the coach—I thought of hiring a hack, but the rapid progress of the coach defied all idea of overtaking it. I returned dispirited to my home."

"My courage rose with the conception of fresh schemes. In the course of the day I called on a

friend, a stage coachman, and telling him some of the particulars of my object, asked him to introduce me to the driver of the Cambridge coach. I met him on his return to town the next day; and, by the help of my friend, overcame his repugnance to talk with strangers respecting the affairs of his passengers. I learnt, at last, that Joe never travelled more than half a dozen miles, but Elliott, the coachman, was unable to say who he was; or where he went to. My plan was soon arranged, and Elliott was bribed to assist me.

"The next morning by day break, I was sitting on the top of the Cambridge coach, well wrapped up in a large white top coat, with a shawl tied over my mouth. I got out the coach at the inn yard, and as we neared the church I looked out anxiously for my friend Joe; he was not to be seen; nor could I discern any thing of him for six or seven miles along the road. The first stage was performed; and while the horses were being changed, Elliott, the coachman, pointed out a strange ill-looking man, in a close light waistcoat with white sleeves, white breeches, yarn stockings, and high-top shoes. 'That fellow,' said Elliott, 'is always in company with the man you have been inquiring about. I have seen them frequently together come over that style; he is now waiting for Joe; I'll bet a pound.'

"I alighted, and bargained with the landlord of the small roadside inn for the use of the front bed-room, up stairs. I took my post, and as the stage departed, began my watch. Joe did not appear until late in the afternoon—his friend eagerly seized him by the arm, and began to relate something with great anxiety of look and energy of action. They moved off over the style. I glided out of the house and followed them. A foot path wound through an extensive meadow, and the men were rapidly nearing the farthest end. I hastened my pace, and gained the centre of the field; ere they were aware of my approach. I observed a telegraphic signal pass between them, and they immediately stopped their expedition, and turning back upon their path, sauntered slowly towards me: we met—their eyes were searchingly bent upon me, but I maintained an easy gait and undisturbed countenance, and continued my walk for some minutes after they were past. As I climbed the farther style, I observed them watching me from the other end of the field. I saw no more of Joe or his friend for the rest of that day and the whole of the next."

"I was much annoyed at my disappointment, and resolved not to be again outwitted. Every possible enquiry that could be made without exciting the curiosity of the neighborhood, was instituted; but I was unable to obtain the smallest information, either of the abducted lady, or of Joe's individuality. His friend was known as a vagabond of the first class—a discredited hostler, with a character that marked him ready for the perpetration of any crime."

"I was hunting in the dark. I had nothing but surmises to go upon, excepting the declaration of the huckster, that a man named Joe was the means of Miss Lobenstein's absence, but I was not sure that I was in pursuit of that identical Joe. The mystery attending the object of my suspicion gave an appearance of probability to my supposition, but it seemed as if I was not to proceed beyond the limits of uncertainty. I resolved, after waiting till the evening of the next day, to return to the tap-room of the Blue Lion, and the impenetrability of my gamekeeper's disguise."

"Tying my rough coat up in my shawl, I eluded the bundle under my arm, and walked quietly along the road. As I passed through some posts on the side-walk, a post-chaise was coming through the adjoining toll-gate. A scuffle, accompanied with high oaths, in the interior of the chaise, attracted my attention; a hand was dashed through the carriage window, and cries for help were loudly vociferated. I ran towards the chaise and ordered the postillion to stop; a coarse voice ordered him to drive on; the command was repeated with violent imprecations, and the horses, severely lashed, bounded rapidly away. I was sufficiently near to catch hold of the back of the springs as the vehicle moved; the motion was violent, but I kept my grasp. The back board of the chaise, where the footman should stand, had been covered with a double row of iron spikes, to prevent the intrusion of idle boys; but, determined not to lose sight of the ruffians, who were thus violating the peace of the realm, I pressed my bundle hard upon the spikes, and jumping nimbly up, found myself in a firm and pleasant seat."

"The carriage rolled speedily along. I determined, at the very first halting place, to summon assistance, and desire an explanation of the outrages and demands for help. If there seemed but little doubt, some act of lawless violence was being perpetrated, I resolved to arrest the principals upon the spot. While cogitating on the probabilities of the result, I received a tremendous cut across the face, from the thong of a heavy leather whip, jerked with considerable violence from the window of the post-chaise. A second well directed blow drove me from my seat, and I fell into the road severely lacerated, and almost blind."

"I rolled upon the dusty ground, and writhed in excessive agony. A thick wale crossed each cheek, and one of my eyes had been terrifically hit. It was yet early night, and the public nature of the road soon afforded me assistance. A young man passed me, driving a gig towards London; I hailed him and requested his services. A slight detail of the cause in which I had received my injuries, induced him to turn round and receive me in the vacant seat. The promise of half a guinea tempted him to drive rapidly after the chaise, and in a few minutes we heard the sound of wheels. The young man cheered his horse to greater progress, but we were un-

ble to pass the vehicle in advance, and it was not till we both drew up to the door of the roadside inn, where I had previously stopped, that we discovered that we had been in pursuit of a mail-coach instead of a post-chaise.

"The waiter declared that 'noshin' of a four wheel nator, 'cept a vaggin and a nearse' had passed within the previous half hour. Placing my gig friend over some brandy and water, I sought the recesses of the kitchen, that I might procure some cooling liquid to bathe my face with. While busily employed at the yard pump, the sound of voices from an adjoining stable arrested my attention. The dim light of a lantern fell upon the figure of the hostler whom I had seen in company with mysterious Joe. I advanced lightly, in hopes of hearing the conversation. When I reached the door, I was startled by the sudden approach of some one from the other side of the yard, and compelled to hide behind the door. A stable helper popped his head into the building, and said—

"See here, Billie, vot I found stickin' on the spikes of the chay you've left in the lane." My luckless bundle was pronounced, and speedily untied. Directly Billy, for so was the suspicious ostler named, saw my rough, white, great coat, he exclaimed, with considerable energy—

"I'm blessed if we haint been looked arter. I seed this ere torgery a valkin' arter Joe and me in the meadow yonder. Ve thought it suspicious, so ve mizzled back. And I'm jiggered if the owner vornt a sittin' behind our conveyance, ven Joe hit him a vallop or two with the rip to knock him off. Tommy, my tulip, I'll go back with you to-night, and wait a while till the wind changes."

"It was evident then, that Joe was connected with the abduction of the day—another convincing proof that he was the active agent in Miss Imbenstein's affair. With respect to my friend the ostler, I determined to try the effects of a little coercion, but concluded that it would be better to let him reach some distance from his usual haunts, to prevent alarming his comate, Joe.

"In about an hour the post chaise was driven to the door; and the ostler, much the worse for his potatoes, was placed within the body of the vehicle. I was soon after them, in company with the young man in the gig, and we kept the chaise in sight till it had entered the still and deserted streets of the city. It was nearly midnight; the drunken ostler desired the scarcely sober postilion to put him out at the door of a tavern. He walked up to the astonished coachman, and arrested him on a charge of felony, slipped a pair of small but powerful spring handcuffs over the ostler's wrists. I conducted him, helpless and amazed, to an adjacent watch-house; and men-tioning my name and office, desired his safe custody till I could demand his body. The postilion, who was guarded by my gig friend, became much alarmed, and volunteered any information that I might desire. He confessed that he had been employed that afternoon, by one Joseph Mills, to carry a lunatic priest to the Franciscan Monastery, at Enfield Chase, from whence it was asserted that he had made his escape. The existence of a religious establishment in that neighborhood was entirely unknown to me, and I questioned the postilion respecting the number of its inmates, and the name of the superior, but he professed to know nothing beyond the locality of the building, and declared that he had never been inside the yard gate. He admitted that Joseph Mills had employed him several times upon the same business; and that, rather more than a fortnight ago, Billy, the ostler, had desired him to bring up a postchaise from his master's yard at a minute's notice, and that a young lady was lifted, in a senseless state, into the chaise, and driven down to the building, at Enfield, as rapidly as the horses could be made to go.

"I took down his directions respecting the house, and at daybreak this morning I reconnoitered the front and back of the building. If I am any judge, that house is not devoted to monastic purposes alone; but you will see it to-morrow, I trust; for I wish you to accompany me as early in the morning as we can start, after procuring the warrants for a general search into the secrets of this most mysterious monastery."

It was nearly noon the next day before we were enabled to complete our necessary arrangements. I, Mr. Wilson, the attorney, Mr. R., a police magistrate of some distinction, and the reader's humble servant, stepped into a private carriage, while a police officer, well armed, sat with the driver. The magistrate had been interested in the details necessary for the procurement of the warrant, and had invited himself to the development of the mystery. An hour's ride brought us to the entrance of a green lane that wound its mazy length between hedges of prickly holly and withered hawthorn trees. After traversing this lane for nearly two miles, we turned again to the left, by L.'s direction, and entered a narrow pass between a high brick wall and a huge bank, surmounted by a row of high and gloomy trees. The wall formed the boundary of the monastery grounds, and at a certain place, where an ascent in the narrow road favored the purpose, we were desired by L. to mount the roof of the coach, and, by looking over the wall, to inspect the back front of the building. Massive bars of iron were fastened across every window of the house; in some places, the frames and glass were entirely removed, and the gratings were fixed in the naked brick work; or the apertures were fitted with thick boarding, excepting a small place at the top for the admission of the smallest quantity of light and air. The windows of a range of out-houses, which extended down one side of the extensive yard, were also securely barred; and a small square stone building stood in the middle of the garden, which immediately adjoined the yard. Two sides of this singular construction were visible from our coach top: neither door nor window were to be discerned.

One of our party pointed out a pale and wild-looking face glaring at us from one of the grated windows of the house. "Let us away," said L., "we are observed, and a farther gratification of our curiosity may prevent a successful issue to my scheme."

"This looks more like a prison than a monastery or convent," said the magistrate.

"I fear that we shall find it worse than either," replied L.

In a few minutes the carriage stopped at the gate of the building, the front of which exhibited but few points for the attachment of suspicion. The windows were shaded by blinds and curtains, but free from gratings or bars. The pallings that enclosed a small fore court, were of massive oak, and being mounted on a dwarf wall, effectually prevented the intrusion of uninvited guests. The gates were securely closed, but the handle of a small bell invited attention, and a lusty pull by the driver gave notice of our presence.

—, who had quitted the vehicle by the off door, requested the magistrate to keep out of sight, and with his brother officer, retired behind the coach. Our course of proceeding had been well arranged; when the door of the house was opened, I put my head from the carriage window, and requested to see the superior of the convent. The attendant, a short, ill-looking fellow in a fastidious coat and gaiters, desired to know my business with him. "It is of great secrecy and importance," I replied. "I cannot leave the carriage, because I have somebody here that requires my strictest attention. Give your master this card, and he will know exactly who I am, and what I require."

Our scheme succeeded. The fellow left his post, and unfasting the palling gate, advanced to the edge of the footpath, and put his hand in at the window of the carriage for my card. — and the officer glided from their concealment and secured possession of the outer gate and the door of the house, before the fellow had time to give the alarm. The driver, who had pretended to busy himself with the horses, immediately opened the carriage door and in a few seconds the whole of our party were mustered in the entrance hall. The man who had answered the bell, when he recovered his surprise, rushed to the door and attempted to force his way to the interior of the house. The police officer stopped him, and an angry altercation ensued. He placed his fingers in his mouth and gave a loud and lengthy whistle. —, who was busily engaged in searching for the fastenings of an iron screen that crossed the width of the hall, observed the noise, and turning round to his mate said, quietly, "If he's troublesome, Tommy, give him a pair of gloves."

In two minutes the fellow was sitting helpless on the ground, securely handcuffed. "Confound him," said L., "he must have come out through this grating; there is no other entrance to the hall, and yet I cannot discover the door-way; and I am afraid that his signal has made it worse, for I heard the click of spring work directly after he gave his whistle."

"This grating is a common appendage to a convent or religious house," said Mr. Wilson. "Perhaps we are giving ourselves unnecessary trouble—let us ring the bell again, and we may obtain admission without the use of force."

The officer and the magistrate exchanged a smile. The latter went to the man who had opened the door, and said, in a low tone of voice, "We must get into the house, my man; show us how we can pass this grating, and I will give you five guineas. If you refuse, I shall commit you to jail, whether your connection with this establishment deserves it or no. I am a magistrate, and these, my officers, are acting under my direction."

The man spoke not, but raising his manacled hands to his mouth, gave another whistle of peculiar shrillness and modulation.

The hall in which we were detained was of great height and extent. Beyond the iron screen, a heavy partition of wood work cut off the lower end, and a door of heavy oak opened from the room thus formed into the body of the hall. An open but grated window was immediately above the door, and extended almost from one end of the partition to the other. —, observing this, climbed up the iron screen with the agility of the cat, and had scarcely attained the top, ere we observed him level a pistol towards some object in the enclosure, and exclaimed with a loud voice, "Move one step, and I'll drive a couple of bullets through your skull!"

"What do you require?" exclaimed a tremulous voice from within.

"Send your friend there, Joe Mills, to open the door of the grating. If you move hand or foot, I'll pull trigger, and your blood be upon your own head."

— afterwards informed me, that upon climbing the screen, he discerned a gentleman in black in close consultation with a group of men. They were standing at the farther end of the enclosure against a window, the light of which enabled him to pick out the superior, and to discern the physiognomy of his old acquaintance, Joe.

"Come, come, Joe, make haste," said L., "my fingers are cramped, and I may fire in mistake."

The threat was effectual in its operation. The man was afraid to move, and the door of the enclosure was opened by his direction. Joe walked trippingly across the hall, and touching a spring in one of the iron rails, removed the fastenings from a portion of the screen and admitted our party.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

WISCONSIN. This territory, shortly to become a State, will be one of the most important and valuable in the whole Union, the soil is so rich and fruitful, and it is so rapidly settling. It was organized into a territorial government in 1830, embracing 47,000,000 acres, of which 10,000,000 have been surveyed. The first sale of public lands took place in 1835; the amount sold from that time to January, 1842, was 2,909,418 acres, for the sum of \$2,751,762. The lead mines of the territory will be an inexhaustible source of wealth. According to the census of 1840, the whole amount of lead produced in the United States and territories was 31,238,453 lbs.; and capital invested was \$1,346,755. Of this amount, Wisconsin produced nearly one half, or 15,120,350 lbs., and the capital employed by her was \$664,600. The assessed valuation of the real and personal property of all its counties, in the year 1843, amounted to \$5,077,300.

The McNulty Case. The demurrer to the indictment has been overruled; the trial will take place during the present session of the Criminal Courts.

Insects. Those who wish to be successful in raising fine fruit and vegetables, must be continually on the alert to guard against the ravages of insects. You may lose your fine bed of cabbages in an hour, by want of proper vigilance, and so it is with every thing else. It becomes every man who tills the soil to study the nature and habits of insects; and this is a subject which most of us, to our very great disadvantages, are woefully ignorant of. We must get Harris or some other good work on the subject, and study. [Genesee Farmer.]

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JUNE 24, 1845.

GEN. JACKSON IS DEAD!

Yes, the hero, the patriot, the statesman, has gone! He closed his eventful and useful life on the evening of the 8th inst., at 6 o'clock. Sunday morning the report reached Nashville that he had expired, owing to his having fainted away in the attempt to remove him from his chair to his bed. He, however, recovered for a few hours.

A short time before his death, he took an affectionate leave of his friends and domestics, retaining to the last, his sense and intellect unclouded. He expired with the utmost calmness, expressing the highest confidence in a happy immortality through a Redeemer.

Gen. Houston landed at Nashville, at half past 6, on Sunday evening, and set off in haste to the Hermitage, but was met by the physician, who informed him that the General was no more. The simple announcement of this melancholy, though long expected event, will excite the deepest emotions in the hearts of the American people. The memory of Jackson belongs to the country. His history will contain the record of his valuable services—his sterling patriotism, and a nation's gratitude will be his monument.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce writes under date of Nashville, Tenn., June 9th, that "his mind retained its vigor to the last, and his dying moments, even more than his earlier years, exhibited his highest intellectual light. To his family and friends he said: 'Do not grieve that I am about to leave you, for I shall be better off. Although I am afflicted with pain and bodily suffering, they are as nothing compared with the sufferings of the Savior of the world, who was put to death on the accursed tree. I have fulfilled my destiny for the earth, and it is better that this work should go to rest, and my spirit take up its abode with the Redeemer.'"

He continued thus to address his relatives and friends at intervals, during the forenoon, and, as Dr. Eschman remarked, the confidence and faith in the great truths of religion seemed to increase from his unwavering testimony that he had never seen die. He expressed a desire that Dr. Edgar, of the Presbyterian church, to which he himself belonged, should preach his funeral sermon, and that no pomp or parade should be made over his grave.

On receipt of the melancholy intelligence at Washington, the President issued the following Proclamation—

ANDREW JACKSON is no more! He departed this life on Sunday, the eighth instant, full of days and full of honors. His country deprecates his loss, and will ever cherish his memory. While a nation mourns, it is proper that business should be suspended, at least for one day, in the Executive Department, as a tribute of respect to the illustrious dead.

I accordingly direct that the Department of State, the Treasury, War, the Navy, the Postoffice, and Office of the Attorney General, and the Executive Mansion, be instantly put into mourning, and that they be closed during the whole day to-morrow.

Washington City, June 16, 1845.

A Circular, containing instructions to Postmasters throughout the country, has been issued by the Postmaster General from which we make the following extracts as being of interest to our readers.

POSTAGE.

On letters dropped in the Postoffice for delivery in the same place, 2 cents each.

On letters advertised as remaining on hand, there shall be charged, when delivered out, besides the regular postage, the cost of advertising, which will be on each letter 2 cents, or 4 cents if advertised in two papers.

On all circulars, handbills or advertisements, which are printed or lithographed on quarto post or single cap paper, or paper not larger than single cap, and which are folded and directed, but left unsealed, 2 cents on each sheet for any distance, when sealed these are to be rated as letters.

"Quarto post" is the size usually called letter paper, say 8 or 10 inches to the page; "single cap" say 13 by 8 inches to the page.

When the circular is on a sheet larger than single cap, it is to be rated as a pamphlet. As the postage on these articles is chargeable on each copy postmasters will carefully examine all packets and rate the postage accordingly.

Newspapers go free of postage for any distance not exceeding 20 miles from the place where printed, when sent by the publishers or editors thereof. For any distance beyond 20 miles, in the State where published, one cent postage. For any distance exceeding 100 miles, out of the State where published, one and a half cent postage.

On all pamphlets, magazines or periodicals which shall be unconnected with any manuscript communication whatever two and a half cents for every copy of no greater weight than one ounce, for any distance, for every additional ounce one cent; any fractional excess exceeding half an ounce to be charged as an ounce.

Newspapers, pamphlets or circulars should be so enveloped or folded that they can be distinctly seen at the office to be sent, and that they contain no writing, marks or signs, to serve the purpose of written communications. If not done up so as to be opened at the end they are to be charged as letters, by weight.

It is a violation of law to inclose or conceal a letter, or other thing, or memorandum in writing, in any newspaper, pamphlet, or magazine, or in any way package thereof, or to make any writing or memorandum thereon, or on the wrappers inclosing them, except the direction, and deliver the same into any Postoffice, or to any person for that purpose.

In all such cases, the newspaper, pamphlet, or magazine should be charged with letter postage; and if the person to whom the paper or pamphlet is addressed refuses to pay letter postage thereon, the deputy postmaster will immediately inclose the paper or pamphlet to the deputy postmaster from whose office it came and request him to prosecute the person who placed it in his office for the penalty of five dollars, prescribed by law.

We subjoin the following article, from the Dollar Newspaper, showing what may be sent as a single letter, &c., under the new law.

WEIGHT OF LETTER-PAPER.

After the first of next month the new Postoffice law will be in operation, when all letters through the mail will be charged according to weight. As few persons have ever weighed a sheet of ordinary letter paper, there is general ignorance as to what weight a person may use within a half ounce, the maximum weight for the lowest rate of postage. All letters under half an ounce may be sent three hundred miles for five cents, and over that distance for ten cents. A table of the weight of six varieties of writing paper, three of letter-paper and three of foolscap, and two kinds of envelopes, large and small, shows the following result as the weight of each single sheet, as an average of

ten sheets of each kind. The papers are all of good quality, and such as we are all used to, for size and weight.

Letter-paper, first variety, 136 grains.	
do. second do. 134	
do. third do. 131	
Foolscap-paper, first do. 172	
do. second do. 133	
do. third do. 161	
Small envelope, 24 grains.	
Large do. 62	

Wafers, usual size, 1 gr.; Sealing-wax, usual quantity, 5 grs. The ensuing deductions are based upon the heaviest paper to keep within the mark. An avoirdupois half ounce is 218 1/2 grains. We may therefore send as a single letter—

1. One and a half sheet of letter-paper with wax or wafer.
2. One sheet of letter-paper with large or small envelope, wax or wafer.
3. One sheet of foolscap, with small envelope, sealed with wafer.
4. One sheet of letter-paper, with a quarter eagle (2,50) enclosed, and secured with wax, and the letter sealed with wax.
5. Half a sheet of letter-paper, or light foolscap, with a half eagle enclosed, secured and sealed with wafers.
6. A sheet of letter-paper may contain a dime and a half, or a half sheet may contain a quarter-dollar.
7. A sheet of letter-paper may enclose seven bank notes and be sealed with wax; or three bank notes, and the whole in an envelope.

TEMPEST IN A TEA-POT.

The Liberty Standard, of the 12th inst., looms up like a thunder cloud, and launches its thunder bolts at us in Jove-like style. It accuses us of being engaged in defence of slaveholders, because we, a few weeks since, published an article contrasting the North with the South, and deprecating the clamor and abuse of the North in relation to the domestic institutions of the South. It calls our remarks "sordid, godless, soulless." They may be, in his estimation, simply because they are not imbued with that spirit of fanaticism which appears to be a test of merit (not of principle) with the Abolitionists of the North—and which we are not desirous of emulating—but that does not prove us defenders of slavery or slaveholders.

We like the institutions of slavery just about as well as we like political Abolitionism. The first is a State institution, whose defence is not required at our hands any farther than the common institutions of any of the States would be when attacked by an enemy of the Union. The latter we have no faith in. The leaders of political Abolitionism are made up of broken down political hacks, disappointed and worthless office beggars, and uneasy disorganizers, who have deserted the two great political parties of the country with a view to mend their political fortunes, gratify their ambition, or to satisfy their bad feelings towards their former friends; who, we verily believe, if treated with the power they covet, would prove greater task-masters and tyrants than any southern slave-driver. The principles of this party, if carried out, have a direct and inevitable tendency to bring about a dissolution of the Union, which, by the way, is an object openly avowed by some of the leaders. Slavery is an evil, and one which we wish the country well rid of. It is an evil to the South, in many respects; but they have the remedy. It is an evil to the North only in imagination, and for the northern fanatics to undertake the cure by making it a political question, is very much like curing a broken finger by cutting off the arm at the shoulder.

The rule or ruin spirit evinced by that party towards the South should be deprecated by every good citizen and well-wisher of the stability and perpetuity of our institutions, and of the Union. The compromises which were made at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, and which alone enabled the framers of that instrument to form a common constitution for the government and protection of so many States, and distinct communities, and such diversified habits, interests, and domestic institutions, are just as binding upon the different States, communities, interests, and institutions, at this day, as they were the day they were entered into, and should be as sacredly and religiously observed. Any attempt to disturb or destroy them can lead to no other than the most ruinous and disastrous consequences.

Ever since the formation of the government there has existed, and continues to exist, persons and parties who have indulged in schemes and agitations, whose object was, and is, the destruction of domestic institutions existing in other sections of the Union. These parties have existed under various names, and their professed objects have been as various. The last guise assumed by them is political Abolitionism—a professed sympathy for the down-trodden and oppressed, which, when tested, is found to be rotten and hollow-hearted—demagoguism of the worst kind. If they are so overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and are so abundantly supplied with philanthropy, as they would have the world believe, why, we would ask, do they not exercise it nearer home? There are surely abundant opportunities for a practical application of their principles within the scope of their natural vision. Or, can't they see oppression in a fellow being unless he has a black skin?

The course pursued by these sympathisers, in making it a political question, is virtually a declaration of war on the rights of the South. All must see that if it were possible for these "mis-guided persons," as President Polk terms them in his inaugural, to be successful in attaining their object, the dissolution of the Union, and the consequent destruction of our happy form of government must speedily follow. Every well-wisher of the prosperity of his country and of this glorious Union, and every true Republican will discountenance all such sectional jealousies and heartburnings.

If the Standard pleases to call this a "defence of slaveholders," and the idea as "sordid, godless, soulless," why, we plead not guilty to the charge. Its black thunder clouds are not very alarming, and we guess 't will be only a "tempest in a tea-pot."

The celebration of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, at Boston, on the 19th, was a splendid affair. The city was absolutely overrun with strangers from all parts of the country. All the hotels, public houses, restaurants, &c., were filled to overflowing, and those who were unable to obtain accommodations. The Fraternity dined in an immense pavilion built for the occasion on the common. It was 210 feet long by 196 feet wide, and was capable of seating 7000 persons. So says the Daily Mail.

The Steam Ship Caledonia arrived at Boston on the 19th, fifteen days from Liverpool. She brings no news of importance. All apprehension of a hostile collision arising out of the Oregon question has disappeared in England.

"Old Tecumseh." All the fire and ardor of youth still animate the breast of this brave old veteran, who was ever ready to sacrifice himself for his country. On his way to Washington, where he now is, he passed through Columbus, Ohio. The "Statesman" says he seemed highly gratified with the position our government has assumed on the great questions now agitating the civilized world, and said that "honorable peace, or war" should be the American watchword. "We had suffered enough already from British aggression, and if resistance produced war, let it come; adding, with animation, that he had stopped five bullets and his mare fifteen, in the late war, and he thought himself good for one yet." Let our people be impelled by the same spirit, and our country will never want defenders. Col. Johnson was in the enjoyment of excellent health, and looked able and rugged enough to stand another campaign if necessary.

ANNEXATION OF TEXAS. The N. Y. Courier of June 7th contains the following remarks upon this subject:—

"This press has ever been the advocate of annexation, and published articles in its favor as early as 1837. We said then, that the annexation of Texas would enable us to monopolize the cotton growing country of the world; and thereby, not only give us a great moral power on England, but greatly extend and perpetuate our commerce; that it would forever prevent the introduction of slaves from the West Indies; and thus diminish, to a certain extent, the slave trade; that it would ameliorate the condition of our own slaves by compelling their movement further South, where produce of their labor would be greater, and consequently where they would be more valuable to their masters, better fed and clothed, and better cared for in time of sickness; and finally, that at least five of the northern slave states would of necessity become free states, because slave labor would be made unproductive by reason of the rich soil and warmer climate of the southwest. To these views, deliberately entertained and frankly and freely expressed, we still adhere; and never have we met with a solitary argument calculated, in our opinion, to weaken them."

Annexation having been gravely and definitively determined upon, it was in our opinion a matter of very great importance that the whole nation should become reconciled to the measure; and when certain presses in this State virtually set up the cry of disunion and called upon the whig party to sanction it and become abolitionists, we promptly took the field against such treason. We need not now refer to the consequences. Those who originated that treason to the Union of the States, have been covered with the infamy and contempt they so richly merited; and have not only been silenced by a patriotic and indignant people, but are gradually finding excuses for defending annexation."

Nobody can foretell what may be the determination of an ignorant, vain and impulsive nation like Mexico, but we predict there will be no war. If however, she should declare war, the stars and stripes will soon wave over the scene of Montezuma's sufferings, never to be furled until all California shall be legitimately annexed to the American Union."

HO! FOR OREGON. The following information concerning the Oregon emigrants has been furnished us by a friend—the first company consisted of 93 males over 16 years of age, 57 females over 14 years, 78 males under 16 years, 60 females 14 years. There were 64 wagons, 453 oxen, 645 loose cattle, 172 horses, 225 guns. This company passed the Great Nemaha sub-agency on the 24th of May, 1845. The captain is Mr. Everett.

The second company consisted of 95 males over 16 years, 60 males over 14 years, 71 males under 16, and 57 males under 14. There were 435 work oxen, 614 loose cattle, 78 males and horses, 59 wagons, and 172 guns and pistols. This company is commanded by D. Luther, and passed the same station on the 6th of May last.

The third company was commanded by Capt. Parker, and consisted of 60 males over 16 years of age, and 100 women and children. There were 43 wagons, 263 work cattle 340 loose cattle, 61 horses and mules, and 90 fire arms. This company passed the same place on the 10th of May.

The whole number of persons is 736, of work cattle 1148, of loose cattle 1228, of wagons 165 of horses and mules, 211, and of the fire-arms 384. These emigrants are of high character and well provided for the expedition. These companies composed the advance guard of the main expedition which left Independence. [St. Louis Reporter, May 20.]

Boston. The amount of building now progressing here, is certainly very great, and our mechanics and laborers find ready employment, at high wages. But this is a single feature only in our "business prospects." The various channels of trade are free of embarrassment. Money is readily obtained, at a low per centage, upon good paper—and the facilities of men of moderate means, are naturally enhanced by this advantage. Our banks are declaring large dividends, and their reports show that their operations are of a sound and healthy character. The trade of our merchants, importers and jobbers is legitimate, and consequently, advantageous to the buyer as well as the seller. The increased facilities which are afforded by the establishment of the numerous railroads from our city, leading in every direction—have essentially augmented the natural advantages attendant upon the location of Boston, and but a few years will elapse ere the amount of trade must equal that of any city in the Union. [Boston Times.]

The Distribution. The New Hampshire House of Representatives, 78 to 34, have indefinitely postponed the consideration of a petition for a law to receive the proceeds of the public lands.

